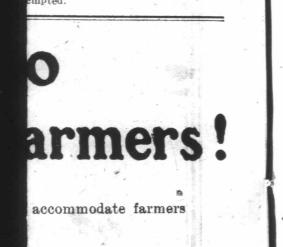
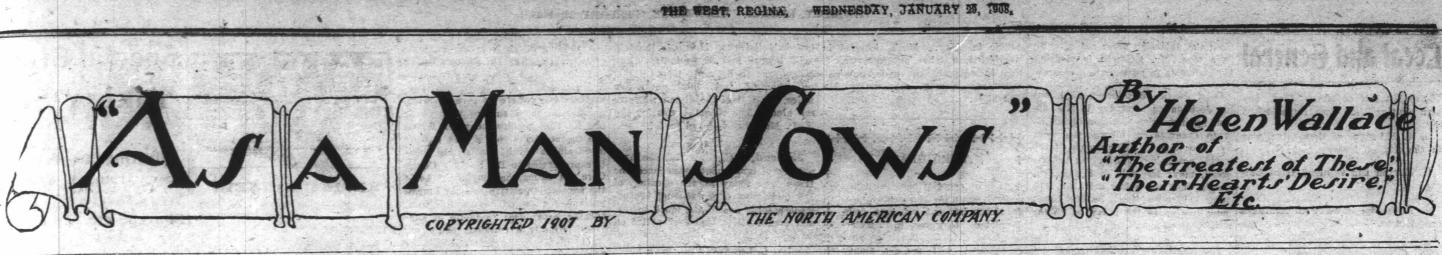
rmest Kind Cold Weather er be found, because the oves and Gauntlets. And lly tanned by the chrome extraordinary suring fire-proof and the market. STOLAT

hich was carried at the last generelections by 111 by the late B. B. ann, Conservative, goes Liberal by 30; while Stanstead remains Liberby over 200 of a majority.

London, Jan. 26.-Marconi states hat the wireless service, between ndon and Montreal will be opened the public on February 1 or 2, at pence per word. He has chosen ontreal instead of New York beuse of the Canadian subsidy of 16,-0 pounds sterling. It is understood at' no land wires or wireless terinals will be laid yet nor will sendg wireless messages duplex be atmpted.





SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Isobel Stormont, daughter of Sir David Stormont, a wealthy Scotch country gentle-an, disappears without leaving the alightest trace. She was a quiet, retiring girl ich only one distinguishing feature-beautiful Titian hair, which had been a mark the Stormont family for generations. Her fance. Basil Convers, comes from Lon-on to ald in the search of her, and finally receives intelligence-that a girl answer-go to her description has been seen with a band of gypsies. Guided by a gypsy, the finds isobel, almost dead in an abandoned dwelling. Her othes have been changed and when she recovers the seems to be another girl. All othes have been changed and when she recovers she seems to be another girl. All othes have been changed and when she recovers she seems to be another girl. All othes have been changed and when she recovers she seems to be another girl. All othes have been changed and when she recovers she seems to be another girl. All othes have been changed and when she recovers has been more of the cousting cap-nd she begins a new life. Her character is quite changed, and she completely cap-nd she begins a new life for ther perfurbed over her return. Tates, and he seems unarplainably perturbed over her return. 'Various stories of the chunter, who meets her at a charity fets given at her home. 'Evelyn Ashe, a fortune hunter, who meets her at a charity fets given at her home, is anymile Sir David extracts a promise from Basil that he will not renew his en-agement undil Christmas which is four months away. Then, to complicate maiters urther, Ashe saves Isobel from being run over by an automobile.

sion of her faculties it was idle any

CHAPTER XII-(Continued)

IS tout, m'sleurabsolument tout!"

say:

-her frocks, her chiffons, her jewels and, more strange yet, she not know even what things are for. Ah, I tell m'sieur, and then he believe. She hands. Ah, c'est affreuse, me, I. weep over them, for what must the poor angel have suffered. So I bring the things for the manicure, but before I begin she

regard them surprised. 'Why, Justine,' she say, hat do you with all these queer things; what are they for?' I stare, I confess, but I ask pardon, and I (of the window, and a faint, wandering say: 'But, mademoiselle, for the hands, what else?' 'For the hands?' she say, what easy. For the mains, the easy, and stare more than me. 'What on earth all these toothpick things have they to do with my hands?' Figure to yourself, m'sieur! Ah, I could tell m'sieur more -mfuch more, but now," triumphantly, "he cannot doubt that mademoiselle for-set"

"It is well, perhaps, that she does for-

"It is well, perhaps, that she does for-get," said Ashe gently, "since even we can hardly bear to think what she must have suffered." "M'sienr, if you had seen her that night-Dieu merci, you did not-the monsters-they had taken everything-everything ut-m'sieur has doubtless heard of the strange thing." Justine flowered her voice, a new and a deeply interested listener was a temptation she could not resist. "There was a little black frock she had on-pah, such a rag." "That was curlous-you were sure it

"That was curious-you were sure it was not her own?" "Her own-mais non! Miladi, she thinks it helps to keep mademoiselle safe. True, it .s the word of le bon Dieu, though not as we have it. In my country, we would have hung it up in the church, but Sir David, he keep it safe." "And was there no name on it, noth-ing that could suggest where made-moiselle had been?" "There was some writing indeed, but I know not what, though when miladi look at it, she exclaim, 'A mother's gift!" "A heavy step sounded.

gift!" A heavy step sounded. "You must tell me more about this." said Ashe, in a low voice, as Lord Dalguise appeared, and Justine, a de-mure, bright-eyed mouse once more, Dalguise appeared, and Justine, a de-mure, bright-eyed mouse once more, tripped away. "Rum business that tonight," said Lord Dalguise, when Ashe had com-municated the result of his inquiries as to Mise Stormont. "Twe known the child all her life, and never knew she could sing, let alone sing like that! Jove, I'd rive a god.' deal to hear her again," with a laugh. "Are you for the smoking room?" "I think not," said Ashe, turning away. "Twe had enough for tonight." Enough to think about certainly! Again, as in the tapestry room when confronted by the mystery of the por-traits, he felt that in Justine's chatter the end of a clue had been put into his hand which, if he could but follow up, must lead to something vital-something beyond the bilnd alleys of vain conjecture in which he had been wandering. her face. "Just now, if I try to think. relieved the garden from duiness, and vallantly hid it. it seems all darkness, and—and—oh, I gave an air of conventual repose to the "I might have given the birds a hollam afraid of the darkness!"

CHAPTER XIV

GROPING 'N THE DARK.

THE sunlight was staring in through the long, unshaded win-dows, making square patches of brightness on the walls, once painted drab verhaps, but now a neutral dust .olor. and bare save for several arid-looking maps. It touched here and there, too, the rows of little radical change in mind and body had passed over her daughter during that figures seated at the worn, ink-stained desks. The girls wore scanty dark stuff froc's and quaint bibbed holland pinafores, bile the boys, stolidly en-during the clacomfort of their broad, strange absence and apparent suspenlonger to deny. But she was naturally a woman of a stiffly starched Sunday collars, albrave and hopeful temperament, and light had already dawned upon her though-and this was the head and front of their grievance-this was not out of such deep darkness that it was not unnatural for her to expect Sunday, 1-ut the opening day of the great endowed school at Duncaird-the Murray Mortification, as it was called, that some way would be found out of from that quaint term in Scots law for money set aside for charitable purposes, these strange and new perplexities. They would go abroad and winter in Italy. It would be a new wonderland for Isobel, and it would be delightful and which must surely have had its rise in the feelings of incensed and disap-

pointed relatives. Endurance indeed was the note of to witness her fresh joy in it. Her newly' awakened powers would gain the youthful gathering, for the room, spacious though it was, was hot and equal balance, and these strange little ebullitions would pass away and be forgotten. They would learn to know epacious though it was, was hot and stuffy, and the speeches were long. Except for a few, the excitement had already palled of gains at the "gen-try" on the platform, especially "the braw leddies," sharp though the coneach other and draw together as in the old days. Basil might join them by and by, and her husband's unreasonable embargo removed, all would go as merry as those wedding bells trast was Letween the low-toned surroundings and that bright group, con-spicuous amid which was Isobel Stormont, in her plainly falling white cloth gown. The similarity of expression and dress gave a curious look of breeze was filling and raising her long dull uniformity to the little faces, though in detail they might be round white falling sleeves till they looked like futtering wings. Lady Stormont rose and chubby, thin and pale, fair or and went up to her. "Shut the window, darling, and come dark.

over here. You look like the fairy wife in the Arabian Nights, with her feather dress on. I feel that if I don't hold you down," laying a playful hand upon her the desks and the low benches. His arm, "you may fly away and leave us." "Perhaps it would be the best thing I <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> out excellent advice and well-worn platitudes, was at no time an enlivencould do," said the girl with a slight shiver and staring out into the darkness. "My dear!" said Lady Stormont re-proachfully. "But; cu are quite cold," closing the window and drawing Isobel toward the hearth, where a little fire of pine knots was blazing cheerfully. "I mean it," said Isobel, drawing her-self away a little from the caressing hand. "You are glad to have me back again, but who else is? Do you think i can't see and feel and understand, though I can't remember? I am learn-ing fast, and I have learned a great deal today; more than I bargained for," with a laugh that jarred. "My dear, my dear, you must not talk like that," said her mother soothingly. "Your father is not very well just now-he is not himself-and your cousin Basil-" toward the hearth, where a little fire of

reneved the antoin transformation of conventual repose to the sweep of grass set about with a few formal bushes. Isobel sat down on the stone bench

day, too-they've got uncommon wild since Tuesday's storm-but I didn't know if you'd want my long legs crowd-ing up the carriage. Ashe is coming out in a new light, though," he said, with a new light, though," he said, which ran round the recess of the cen-ter arch, and Ashe, leaning against one of the pillars, gazed at the picture prewith would-be carelessness. "I don't seem to see him somehow as an ama-teur school inspector. How did the sented to him. The old gray moulder-ing stone, arabesqued with velvety green moss and the creeping orange lichen, formed a background which poor little beggars comport themselves? Speeches are bad enough on breaking-up would have ravished a painter's eye, and which enhanced the girl's delicate beauty and young freshness. day, but to jaw at them at the beginning of term!'

"It is better out here, isn't it?" said Ashe, smiling, "I was afraid for some time that the heat in there was getting quite too much for you. I don't know why it should be, but, so far as my very limited experience goes, there seems to be some mysterious conjuncseems to be some mysterious conjunc-tion between good works and bad air; at least I suppose that teaching the orphan more or less unnecessary things and clothing him, though not over-comfort-ably, would be considered a good work." "I don't know if it was altogether the heat," said isobel slowly, and without bedies the lost mode, and without heat," said Isobel slowly, and without heeding the last words or, indeed, Ashe himself much. She seemed rather to be trying to account to herself for her strange sensations. "I had the oddest feeling in there. I can't describe it, there are so many things I hayen't even words for," with a perplexed frown. "I fait as if something was happening to me, some change going on, as if in a little I shouldn't know any longer whether I was myself or one of

longer whether I was myself or one of these poor little mites on the benches. As it was, I seemed to feel just how tired their poor-backs were, and how they were wishing to lean their elbows on the desks, and wearying for that dreadful dull old man-duke or no duke, much they'd care-to stop. Oh, I know so well"-she paused abruptly, a baffied, bewildered look upon her face.

dark. "I suppose it's the concentrated dul-Perhaps it was this which added to ness of all the hot, weary hours you've the desks and the low benches. His the desks and the low because from the desks and the low because from the desks and how desperately one has one axcellent advice and well-worn been bored. Just think how you score there," said Ashe smiling. "You've not been bored out here, so you've no uncomfortable sensations now - voila tout!"

"If I have not been bored out here, I am afraid you will be, if I inflict many more of my fancies and feelings upon you," said Isobel with the little society smile she was already learning to assume. "Yes, I suppose that must be the explanation, for although ing to assume. "Yes, I suppose that must be the explanation, for although I seemed to realize their feelings so well. I do not fahoy that I was ever charity-school child," with a laugh partity to relieve her alight sense of an-noyance at having spoken out her thoughts so freely to Ashe. She might champion him to Basil, but she never feit at ease with him, and though she had a shy new-born wonder and pleasure in the knowledge of her young fair-ness and was no more averse from ad-miration than any other healthy-minded girl, the consclousness that Ashe's eyes were following her every movement made her carry herself with a superh at of indifference as she rose and moved slewly down the flagged path to of the county magnates, had now ap-peared in the garden. "More he said, as he sauntered at her side toward the waiting group. "I should think that very milkely, even to one were a Buddhist and believed in a stimes sne has such an old feeling-like yours just now-of having seen, or done or said something exactly the same be fore, that it gives some color to such a such as the some color to such a "What a creepy idea," said Isobel, "I

was beginning to hate it-as her father, every one compared her and all she said or did with it and what she used to be-and she caught up that big Turkish paper-knife-you know the one? She was quite overwrought, of course, but any foo-any one, I mean," hastily, "might have known that she wouldn't have touched the canvas, but Sir David unluckily came in at that moment, and he caught her hand, and-well, he seemed rather excited, too; he pushed her back," he wound up lamely with a deprecating glance at Lady Stormont's

think all our nerves have got rathe the better of us," trying to smile, "I think we'd be very much the better of a change of surroundings, something new to see and to think of." And Lady Stormont again unfolded her plan, dwelling fondly, as she had already done in thought, on the delight of opening a new world to Isobel, of seeing her free: joy in the sight of Alpine snows, of the dreamy, blue curves of the Rivie a. of immemorial Italian towns, of marb e villas with their storied walls. Sir David listened, or at least he did



"Oh, they stared and stared till I think they must have-I can't get the word"-with her little perplexed frown. "Hypotized you," suggested Conyers. "Tes, I suppose that's the word, though I am not sure if I know what it means exactly. Anyhow, they stared now, as if I was not guite sure who I was, though," with rather a flavorless sure of that now." As she spoke, she drew herself up from the depths of her chair and stood abandon which was a little more frank un convention prescribes. "wet 4 on un mean?" asked Conyers.

anxlous face. "And that was all-I would rather har everything," she said rather falter-ingly. "Alls" echoed Conyers. "Well, it seemed to me enough." Then, as Lady Stormont sat for a moment in pained and puzzled silence, he burst out: "I can't bear it any longer. I was to marry lsobel-I was always fond of her, but now-now I love her! It's life or death to me now, and I must know where I stand. I must see Sir David. He must either give me back my promise or he must give me back my promise or he must give me back my promise or he must give me back to Isobel, I must leave Stormont." <text><text><text><text><text><text><text>



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CHAPTER XIII MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. P in her room, Isobel stood by

the window flung wide to the autumn night-still and heavy and warm for the season. She had changed her dinner dress for a loose gown of white silk with long,

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'It is better out here, isn't it?' said Ashe, smiling."

fore, that it gives some color to such a "What a creepy idea," said isobel. "I shouldn't like to believe it. I know I ind one former self," with a laugh. "Ute enough." When they reached the others good-byes were being exchanged-the group was dispersing. "To bad of Sir David to desert us taken they remember an opening day without him." Hile Grace was say. ing to Lady Stormont. "Penhaps be would that that a rea-son why he might be absolved for once," she said, amiling. "He had to go to Eddeston on some special business. I expected he would have returned this moring, but he must have been de-tained, and at last we had to come safely tell him that his presence wasn't really required. It will be some conno-lation to him for not having been able to keep his word. I tell him he makes

CHAPTER XV AN UNCONSCIOUS RIVAL.

AN UNCONSCIOUS RIVAL. The level sunset light was pouring through the tail ancets of the ta-pestry room as Basil entered it, making three long lanes of bright-ness and throwing the rest of the room into shadow. For a moment, with the sun dassling in his eyes, he thought the four in a deep, high-backed chair, and he came forward with a quicken-ed step. During the past days, if he had not actually avoided Isobel, he had not actually avoided Isobel, he had at least not sought her society. Short of kaying Stormont, it was the only course left to him if he were to keep his word to Sir David, which willing yoks. But to find Isobel slone to keep his word to Sir David, which winnuts, this Differ chance which he had not asought. Yet he seemed to he should deny himself these few minutes, this Differ chance which he had not sought. Yet he seemed to any ourse so back agains. "So you've got back agains, after all his tongue was tied on the one subject on which he would fain have. "Any see," said snobel. She had

all, his tongue was tied on the one subject on which he would fain have spoken.
"As you see," said Isobel. She had pleaded headsche as an excuse for silence on the homeward drive, while she had tried to disentangic her thoughts as the the disent heads and excuse for sile head the disentangic her thoughts as the the disent head state of the second of the second second face of the second face

itted, even with Isobel's face before

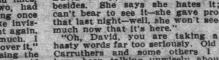
admitted, even with hubers letter when him. The site of the Murray Mortification had once been that of an old monastery of the Gray Friars, which had seen stirring deeds in its day, but which in its decay had become a quarry for the townsfolk till, save for an arch or two of the cloisters, which formed part of the graden wall, the last remnants had long been swept away to make room for the square solid Georgian buildings of the school. But these pointed arches, with their slender clustering columns

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CHAPTER XVI A COUNTERSTROKE.

(CONTINUED NEX"



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